WOMAN'S WORLD.

A CALIFORNIA HEROINE RESCUES SIX PERSONS FROM DROWNING.

Straight Hair Now—Useful Bedridden Women—The Buttons on Her Hat—Men All Inspired by Women. A Generous Cuban Woman.

During a picnic recently held at the Escondido reservoir by the three schools of Bear valley a pleasure boat, containing a party of six, three boys and three girls, was capsized in water about 20 feet deep. The boat, 4 feet wide by 15 feet long, had been drawn to the bank and five of the party had taken their positions on the inside, and, as the last of the party was getting in, those already in carelessly shifted to the opposite side, and the result was a capsize, throwing every one overboard into deep water. Only one—Len Westmoreland—of the six could swim, and as soon as he came to the top he pushed two of the girls to the boat, but in their frantic efforts to hold on to it it was again turned over, which again sent them to the bottom.

At this juncture, while the crowd on the bank appeared paralyzed by the

MISS EMMA WESTMORELAND.

accident, amid the screams of women, Miss Emma Westmoreland, who was standing near the bank, quickly took in the situation, ran and leaped as far in the water as she could and by a few rapid strokes reached the third girl, Minnie Fraser, who had become unconscious and was sinking the third time. Then, grasping her by the hair, she raised her head out of the water and, throwing her left arm around her, swam safely to shore with her, where assistance was rendered. Immediately after Miss Westmoreland jumped in Bert Borden, a youth of 16, who could swim, leaped in and rendered valuable assistance in the rescue. Arthur Hudson, a boy of 12, seeing his brother drowning, though he could not swim, jumped in to try and save him, which made the task more difficult for the rescuers, as they had to look out for him also; but, with commendable coolness, they were equal to the task. There were several men on the bank, but none could swim, and the lives of the three girls and three boys were in the hands of Emma Westmoreland, her brother and Bert Borden. A delay of but a few seconds at the time would have been fatal to the lives of Miss Perry, Albert Cole and Minnie Fraser, the first two having sunk twice. The last was sinking the third time and was unconscious when drawn up.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Straight Hair Now.

The straight haired woman is at last the height of what is proper. The reaction has come, and straight haired women who never submitted to the process of having their hair undulated to increase their charms will find themselves once more in the fashion. The rebellion against the crimping which has been popular for several years will probably be enduring. The news from London is that wigs have suddenly grown fashionable as the result of the excessive use of the crimping irons on women's heads in recent years. The fashion of having the hair crimped from the roots right down to the ends made its appearance first about ten years ago and immediately became popular. It was becoming to most women, and for once women who possessed beautifully waving and curly hair were equaled by artificial devices. Once a woman had submitted herself to the process and then looked into the glass, she was the victim of the habit. The introduction of the pompadour style had much to do with the disappearance of the undulation, as it was first called in Paris, although to this day there are women in Paris who cling to this fashion of improving their looks. The fashion was taken up in London, where the English hairdressers imitated it crudely. In New York it was almost as well done as in Paris, only the man there who is famous for his skill could excel the best New York friseurs.

This Frenchman had a place in the Rue de l'Echelle in Paris and was known over all Europe. Women came from London to be treated by him and went back across the channel with their heads wrapped in cloths to keep the curl in and the damp air out. The great merit of this man was that he could produce the most natural effects and so graduate the crimps in the hair from the first to the last that they seemed to grow gradually in size and came nearer to nature than any of the other crimps could.

A change in the fashion is no longer important to him. He made a fortune long ago. His charge was only 10 francs, but he would sell the next turn to the woman that bid the highest price. There were frequently women among his patrons who thought more of their time than their money and would rather pay than wait. As there were sometimes several of these in his shop at once and as the woman who paid the most got the preference, the price went up to 100 francs at times. Now the false hair which has become the fashion is said to be the result of the undulation. Hot irons have burned off the hair in places on the heads of some women and dried it up in other places until it has dropped out. So the wigs must be worn either until the hair comes in again or some style of wearing short hair comes into fashion. The only doubt as to the authenticity of the new fashion lies in the fact that it comes from London. English women are notoriously fond of piling on false hair until they astonish French and American women. Possibly the burned hair is only a pretext to pile on more that is false and to complete their satisfaction by wearing a whole wig.—Chicago Chronicle.

Useful Bedridden Women.

Mrs. Anna Nickum of Farmland, Ind., widow, aged 68 years, the mother of 11 children, has spent 52 years in bed. She lost the use of her limbs when she was but 16 years of age. She was in the best of health at the time and was engaged to be married. It was thought that she would regain her vigor and the use of her limbs, and the wedding was not postponed. She lay in bed when she was married and has been there ever since.

Eleven children resulted from the union, all of whom were carefully reared and were strong and sound in body and in mind and have become well known citizens. She cared for them from her bed and gave them the rudiments of education. Her husband died several years ago, and since then she has managed the farm as well as her home. Her ability is conceded to be most remarkable for a woman whose world has been confined within the horizon seen from her window. She is known throughout the county and is one of the most interesting and charming of women.

She is always surrounded by a coterie of friends, and her every wish is granted by her children. She has always taken a very great interest in church affairs and has managed many of the church functions. She reads a great deal and is very well posted. Her remarkable foresight is sought by many business men debating advisability of investments.

Mrs. Amos Stuffer of Middlebury has spent her life in bed. She is probably the only woman in the country who worships by telephone. Before her confinement to her bed, many years ago, she was a very enthusiastic Lutheran, and her inability to attend church seemed to worry her greatly. Meetings were occasionally held at the house, but it was far too small for the congregation. Finally the happy thought of connecting the bed with the church was finally broached. An independent telephone line was stretched between the house and the church pulpit. The preacher stood near the receiver, and she was able to hear the sermon quite as well as though she were seated in the auditorium. She was able, also, to hear the singing and other service.

Mrs. Stuffer is a most remarkable woman. Though she has been confined to her bed, she has gained a wonderful knowledge of the world about her, and she is one of the most interesting talkers in the county. She manages her home, which is a marvel of tidiness and cleanliness, quite as well as if she was able to be up and moving about. She takes a very great interest in the management of church affairs and generally directs all undertakings. Her ability to plan is remarkable.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Buttons on Her Hat.

She was a dear slip of a girl, with bonny brown eyes and a wild rose complexion. Like the heroine of a sweet old song—

She'd a rose in her bonnet, and, oh, she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the peat!

A rose wasn't the only thing she had in her bonnet, though—not by a long shot. It was skewered on, after the feminine fashion, with two long steel pins, their heads gleaming amid the foliage of the roses with all the refulgent brassiness of an official button. At first glance one smiled benignly and wondered whether they were army or navy buttons and whether their original owner had fought in Cuba or Porto Rico or merely chafed in one of the southern camps, or mayhap was even now face to face with silent, sullen peoples far away in the Pacific. But a closer inspection proved that it was neither a soldier nor a sailor laddie whose coat the buttons had once adorned. They bore a strange device—the sign and seal of the Chicago police department! The little maid wore them proudly. And, after all, why not? They're just as bright as army or navy buttons, and I shouldn't wonder if they stood for just as lofty a heroism in an emergency; and, anyhow, they're ever and ever so much bigger. Besides, one can't buy them as one can army and navy buttons—or pretty good imitations thereof—in any department store for a nickel or, now that the fever of patriotism is somewhat spent, on the bargain counter during a "challenge" sale for a copper!

Besides her there were 14 women in that car. One wore a sailor hat and one a widow's veil, and an even dozen had violet—most of them violets—of some shade or other in their headgear.—Chicago Post.

Men All Inspired by Women.

"Look for the woman" is having a new application by the Paris feminists. In their newspaper, The Fronde, they have undertaken researches to establish the truth that all great authors of the male sex have been only the spokesmen of retiring feminine genius. Balzac did not really invent the "Comedie Humaine" at all; it was the work of his sister, Laure de Surville, who is only known to the reading world by reason of the charming account which she left her illustrious brother. Mme. Victor Hugo, and not her husband, broke down the barriers of classicism with "Hernani." Baudelaire "cribbed" the "Fleurs du Mal" from a negress whom he loved. More revelations are to follow. An ingenious critic foresees that the principle may be extended to other literatures and arts—that we shall soon learn that "Othello" and the "Sonnets" were the work, not of Bacon, but of Queen Elizabeth, that it was not Raphael, but the Fornarina who painted immortal Madonnas, that the true secret of Carlyle's life was his wife's authorship of "Sartor Resartus" and that the "Vita Nuova" contains a cryptogram to show that Beatrice wrote the "Inferno."

The real influence of women in the production of men's masterpieces is too securely established to be in need of such fanciful support. John Stuart Mill directly credited Mrs. Taylor with all that was best in his writings. Stevenson's debt to his "critic on the hearth" was confessed. "Daudet's acknowledgments to his wife were as profuse as they were deserved. There is even talk that Mme. Rostand had no small share in "Cyrano!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Generous Cuban Woman.

Marta Abreu de Estevez is a Cuban woman equally eminent for philanthrophy and patriotism. She owns large sugar estates in the Santa Clara province and a theater in Santa Clara. She has for years devoted all the proceeds of the theater to the support of schools for women and children. When the war broke out, her sympathy with the insurgents made her practically an exile in Paris, but she kept in touch with events at home, and whenever disaster befell the Cuban cause, she cabled large sums of money to the revolutionists, always timing her gifts when the outlook was darkest. When Maceo fell, she proposed to other rich Cubans to raise $100,000 to carry on the struggle. She herself gave $40,000, her sister in New York added $20,000 and other friends made the sum up to $120,000. While giving thus freely, in one year alone she lost between $200,000 and $300,000, because she sent word to her overseers to obey the edict of the provisional Cuban government, forbidding the grinding on the sugar estates. In gratitude for her patriotic assistance, the revolutionary government offered to make an exception to the rule in her case, but she refused to set an example which might cause discontent among others. Her gifts throughout the war amounted to $121,000 for Cuba alone, and with what she gave to Porto Rico and local charities in Paris made fully $150,000. She has now returned to Cuba and is actively engaged in relief work.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Taste and Sense of Humor.

Mortimer Menpes, the artist, who is just now engaged in making 100 sketches of Mrs. Brown-Potter in different characters and costumes, says that the chief ingredient of good dressing is a sense of humor, and Mrs. Potter agrees with him. "No really witty person, for instance," says Mrs. Potter, illustrating, "if she were stout of figure and scant of breath, could possibly turn out in Lady Habberton's radicals." It is all very true, only it might better be said that if a woman had a sense of humor she would not dress badly, which is a different thing from dressing well. Mrs. Potter is a well dressed woman, and the gowns in which she has appeared in "Carnac Sahib" are said to be wonderful. She gives a better recipe for dressing well than the negative one of the artist: "Women," says Mrs. Potter, "can be living pictures, and if they can't go to forth they can go to nature and pick a flower to pieces."

Vegetables and Tall Girls.

There was a vegetarian banquet in London not long ago at which Miss May Yates, one of the "grass eaters," made a speech against the "blood lappers," that being the delicate way in which she referred to people who eat meat. She told of a certain clergyman who, "through the agency of vegetarianism, has a family of seven daughters, each over six feet tall." Judging from the proportion of very tall girls in New York, the hucksters must be doing a good business.—New York Sun.

The Blind and Seeing.

Miss Sannell, a blind woman, who is an accomplished musician, has formed an association which she hopes to make international. It is called the Fellowship of the Blind and Seeing. She will form numerous societies to bring the blind people into social relationship with other men and women.

When the family get tired of the wholesome and economical bread pudding as usually served, try cooking it in custard cups. Butter the cups, pour the mixture in, then stand them to bake in a pan of hot water. When done, cover each with a spoonful of jelly and another of meringue and pass fearlessly.

Kate Delougherty of Kansas City is perhaps the only woman switchtender in the United States. Her position is an important one, as she throws the switches for all passenger trains which enter and leave the Union depot in that city.

There is very little white glass seen on the tables of the fashionable dinner givers just now. It seems to have quite gone out of style, and colored tumblers and small glasses are all the rage, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Lady Cook & Co. have gone into the stockbroking business in London, the motto of the firm being "Never sell what you haven't got, but at the lowest figure [illegible] with quick returns and small profit."

NEW STYLE OF CAMERA

Novel Invention That Registers 2,000 Vibrations a Minute.

ITS GREAT EDUCATIONAL VALUE.

Development of a Corn Plant Through a Season May Be Exhibited to an Audience In Five Minutes. How the Machine May Be Used For Educational Purposes.

The department of agriculture at Washington has taken steps toward acquiring the right to use a very novel invention, newly patented by E. Francis Jenkins of Washington. It is a kind of mutoscope camera, but is designed especially for a certain kind of picture making that has never been attempted hitherto.

For example, the contrivance is set up in front of a stalk of corn just sprouting and takes a photograph of it every hour for six months, the exposures being made at such intervals by a peculiar automatic attachment. Subsequently the film ribbon on which these pictures are recorded is put into a magic lantern machine of the ordinary sort and run off at the rate of 30 a second, thus giving to the spectators in five minutes a view on the screen of a corn plant growing out of the earth, putting forth leaves, developing tassel and silk, exhibiting the ripened ears and finally decaying.

It is believed by the government experts, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, that this idea may be so employed as to have great educational value, and hence the desire of the department of agriculture to secure the privilege of using it. There are almost infinite possibilities obviously for the utilization of the method, and one may easily imagine it applied to the study of the growth of any kind of plant—as, for example, the watermelon, which may be seen in a few minutes to pass through all the stages of its development, until at length, five minutes after the vine has sprouted, it is ripe and ready to be conveyed from the patch by the nocturnal and predatory colored person.

Anchor this new style of camera in an open space; attach to it a wire, and it will make an exposure every two hours from the beginning to the end of the year. The result will be a ribbon of the seasons, and in five minutes the spectators seated in a theater will have an opportunity to behold all the succeeding phenomena of the year.

One of the most interesting of the photographs made up to date with this novel apparatus represents an apple tree, which is seen in a few twinklings to display its new foliage, put forth buds and blossoms and ripen its fruit. Equally notable is a picture of a sunflower, snapshots of which were taken every minute from sunrise to sunset of a day. When the ribbon is run off at the rate of 30 photos a second, one sees the flower turn on its stem steadily, always keeping its face toward the solar orb. It should be mentioned, by the way, that the views do not jump about in the way that is so annoyingly familiar, but are perfectly stationary, owing to the fact that each "snap" registers perfectly with the ones preceding and following.

At present comparatively little is known on this subject, simply because insects in general "flap" their wings so rapidly that no observer gets any notion of the mechanical details of the performance. For example, it is altogether out of the question to follow with the eye the movements of the wings of a bee or a dragon fly, which very likely attain 2,000 vibrations or more a minute. However, this new machine records the almost inconceivably rapid beats of these wings, and, reduced by the apparatus to one-twentieth of the normal rate of flaps, they exhibit to the spectator the manner in which the flying apparatus is utilized.

The problem is to get as accurate a picture of the wing of a moving insect as has been obtained of the foot of a horse running at a 1:40 gait. Now, the wing of a housefly is about a quarter of an inch long, and thus its path of travel is half an inch in length, or an inch in the round trip. Given 100 vibration to the second, the wing traverses only 100 inches in that time, as already stated, and so the phenomenon to be observed and registered is well within the recording power of the photographic apparatus described. Of course, however, there may be peculiarities in insect flight especially difficult to record, just as the wing feathers of birds, according to Professor Muybridge, have an independent motion of their own, turning edgewise in the air, and so reducing friction with the latter. This discovery has brought out the fact, hitherto unknown, that birds' wings are provided with a special system of tendons which give to the animal voluntary control over its primary feathers.

It has been suggested that the new style of mutoscope or kinetoscope here described might be employed to great advantage for certain educational purposes. For example, a ribbon, whose pictures would be transferable to a screen, could be made to show in a brief time the transformation of a caterpillar into a moth or of a tadpole into a frog. It is very easy to apply the microscope to this form of camera, and so it would be possible to study on a great scale the growth and propagation of bacteria, the flow of blood in the arteries of a small animal or any number of other phenomena suitable for the purpose.

A Rest In Himself.

If Governor [illegible] persists in his original [illegible] in the service, a [illegible] will have to be recruited to take [illegible].—Philadelphia Press.

THE ZIONISTIC MOVEMENT.

Whereby the Jew Hopes to Regain the Land of His Fathers.

"The Jews are developing a scheme that has for its object the purchase of Palestine from the Turk and the founding of a Jewish government in the land of their fathers," writes Edward A. Steiner in the July Woman's Home Companion. "Already the movement has become a formidable one in some of the European countries. The leader of this movement is Dr. Theodore Herzl of Vienna, an author of European reputation, who, unwilling to bear longer the taunts of the anti-Semitic mob of his native city, and unable to erase from his face and heart the marks of his race, has planned this exodus with the view of restoring to his people the land once their own, in which unmolested they might live and govern themselves.

"An able aid to Dr. Herzl is Rabbi Moheleth of Russia, one of the noblest and most charitable of men, revered for his piety and saintliness of character. At his word of command the Jews would come out of Russia like bees out of a hive. Why should they not be glad to leave a country where they have experienced only hatred, shame and cruel oppression? In Germany there are scholarly men yearning to lead their people—not from narrow ghettos and squalid homes, but from the broad streets of Berlin and from the merchant palaces of Leipsic and Frankfurt—into a country of their own government, where they will no longer be the despised and persecuted beings they now are. In Rome, in Venice and in many other places in Europe the exodus fever is spreading and burning in the hearts of the downtrodden but hopeful people.

"Among the French Max Nordau, the well known author, is the leader. From Paris, from Marseilles, from Boulogne, the Jews expect to go in large numbers, leaving behind them a country where justice weeps because she is not only blind, but fettered. In our own America the movement has not received such a cordial reception, largely because the need for it is not so apparent here. Though, of course, the American Jews who sympathize with this new exodus do not intend to leave the United States, yet they are encouraging it for the sake of their oppressed brethren all over the world."

THE MAN WAS GREAT.

The Impression Daniel Webster Made Upon His Contemporaries.

In one respect Daniel Webster is the most striking figure in our history and one of the few most striking figures in all history. That is, in the impression he made on everybody, that, great as were his achievements, he was himself greater than his greatest achievement.

Franklin, Webster and Emerson are the three great New Englanders. Each of them was a great public teacher. If Webster did not lack, at least he did not manifest, Franklin's wonderful common sense, as applied to common things and common life. He had not Emerson's profound spiritual discernment or wonderful poetic instinct. But his intellect seems like a vast quarry. When you have excavated the great rocks at the surface, you know there is an inexhaustible supply left. When he died, the people felt as if the cornerstone of the capitol had been removed, as if the elephant had died that bore the universe on his back.

Emerson's portraiture of Webster at Bunker hill is made up of a few strokes. But it reveals the whole secret. Great as were the things that Webster said, profound as was his reasoning, lofty as are the flights of his imagination, stirring as are his appeals to the profoundest passions of his countrymen, there is a constant feeling that Jove is behind these thunderbolts. That is the contrast between him and so many other orators. Even in Choate and Phillips you are admiring the phrase and the elocution and not the men. In Webster you are thinking of the man and not the phrases. The best things that he said do not seem to his listener to be superior and rarely seem to his listener to be equal to the man who said them. There is plenty of reserve power behind—

Half his strength he put not forth, but checked
His thunder in mid valley.

—From "Daniel Webster," by Senator George F. Hoar, in Scribner's For July.

FIRE PROTECTION.

In the Tall Buildings It Is In Many Cases Totally Inadequate.

Extremely tall business buildings, sky scrapers, as they have been familiarly dubbed, have recently afforded opportunity for a number of interesting tests by the fire department of New York city, with the resultant conclusion that instead of being a source of fire danger, as had begun to be suspected, such buildings would really be a great protection to the older ones, provided they were suitably equipped with standpipes and connections for the apparatus of the department. In this proviso, however, is found a good indication of a few of the things which are lacking in the mechanical equipment of the modern tall building. With very few exceptions its layout of pipes for fire fighting purposes is totally inadequate. The pipes are too small, to begin with, and the many valves interposed along their line—and valves, too, of an undesirable kind—further cramp their serviceable area to such an extent that the fire streams, which, according to original expectations, should have been very respectable ones indeed, show themselves as feeble little squirts when called upon for serious business.

It is quite immaterial whether this is due to careless or incompetent engineering or to ill advised economy in equipment. The fact remains that the piping is often almost worse than useless in that it tends to create a false sense of security. Ample pipe diameters and a clear waterway are requisites of the first importance. With them, and, of course, with a corresponding ample water supply, a tall building standpipe system ought to prove, as the tests mentioned have indicated, a good safeguard against fire for the building itself and for a goodly portion of its surroundings.—Cassier's Magazine For July.

Iced Water Preferable to Ice Water.

Iced water is preferable to ice water—iced water being cooled by the ice without being brought in direct contact with it. The less ice water one drinks the better. Ice water increases one's thirst—that is, there is a greater tendency to desire drink inasmuch as ice water slakes the thirst for a moment, but does not quench it.—Ladies' Home Companion For July.

THE ONL[illegible]

Because I've been [illegible]
I call to you a littl[illegible]
Quite softly, so I should [illegible]
And not with any [illegible] but
My darkness should break in upon your light.

Yet I call softly, for my heart is sad—
But then I think you are so far away,
So very far that as my voice draws near
The sorrow will be lost, and you will hear
Just murmurings, not the sad things that I say.

I speak so softly, yet I long, I long
To let my heart forth, tell you all my pain!
And now the passionate tears begin to flow,
And sobs come—nay, sorrow's too strong, and so
The only way is to be quiet again.

—From G. Calmore's "Points of View, and Other Poems."

HER UP TO DATE ALBUM.

The Chicago Girl's Travels Recorded by Photographs of Herself.

The Chicago girl that knows her business—and where is there one who doesn't?—has an album or card case devoted exclusively to a collection of pictures of the one person whom she thinks more of than anybody else in the world—namely, herself. There are several laws regulating the collection of a personal gallery of this kind. In the first place, no two pictures shall be alike; what is equally important, no two shall be taken in the same town. From a glimpse at this second condition, it is obvious that the young woman who has a popular collection of her own photographs must be something of a traveler.

In order to give added interest to this pursuit of herself in miniature, each photograph is stamped in violet ink, with the name of the town where taken, the name of the artist and the date of the sitting. There are also margins for recording any other incidents connected with the occasion that may be considered worthy of note.

In this way the business of photograph collecting is kept on a systematic, methodical basis, and the book of photographs becomes an abridged biographical history of travels in an indefinite number of chapters. It is evident that the more pictures it contains the more comprehensive will be the text, hence the ambition of every young woman possessed with the craze to become a globe trotter.

There are a few standard towns that are absolutely necessary to the reputation of any album, such as Chicago, New York, Niagara and the prominent intermediate points. Beyond these, the more distant and romantic the places the greater the interest attached to these pictorial histories of the world as seen through a maiden's eyes.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Maryland Superstitions.

There are superstitions throughout all the counties of Maryland concerning crossroads and running water. Witches are supposed to make their home at the crossing of two roads and to appear there at midnight. One peculiar thing about witches is that they cannot get across running water, and a stream of any sort always acts as a protection to the nightly prowler, who will follow along the bank of a stream in preference to the road. These are some of the things which are more generally believed in the country around Washington and along the eastern shore. Some of the articles of the creed of the superstitious in that neighborhood are:

If you sweep your room at night, you sweep away your wealth.

Never shake crumbs out of a window after dark. They are supposed to fall into the eyes of the Lord and to disturb the spirits of the dead who wander abroad at night.

Don't wash your hands in water in which eggs have been boiled. You are liable to become covered with warts.—Baltimore Sun.

Sly Old Commodore.

"When Commodore Vanderbilt was alive," says a New York Central official, "the board of directors of the New York Central used to find their work all cut out for them when they met. All they had to do was to ratify his plans and adjourn. Yet they had their uses. Occasionally a man would come to him with some scheme which he did not care to refuse outright.

"'My directors are a difficult body of men to handle,' he would say. 'I'll submit it to 'em, but I warn you that they are hard to manage.'

"The matter would be submitted to the board when it assembled and promptly rejected.

"'There,' the commodore would say when his visitor came to learn the result. 'I did the best I could, but I told you in advance that my directors were an obstinate lot.'"—New York Herald.

Art and Nature.

The milkmaid with the picture hat and the brocaded silk skirt tossed her head.

"In society, I suppose, I should be an impossible person," she exclaimed, "but it's different in art."

And after all, to be perfectly candid, there is nothing essentially degrading about milking an art cow.—Detroit Journal.

Just the Thing.

"In every city of reasonable size," said Brown, "they ought to have a Mothers' Exchange."

"What for?" queried Jones.

"Why, every woman knows exactly just how every other woman's child ought to be raised, and by trading mothers every child could get a proper training."—Kansas City Star.

Sharks were almost unknown in the Adriatic until the Suez canal was opened. Now the harbors of Fiume and Pola are so infested with them that residents dare no longer bathe in the open sea.

If you want to forget all your other sorrows, get a pair of tight shoes.—Des Moines Leader.